

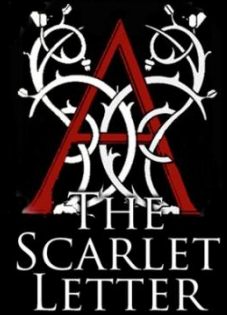
CONFESSIONS



Once my tiniest daughter banged
in the backdoor, beaming, her fist
Full of wadded five-dollar bill she'd
Unearthed on the playground. For it
I swapped the shiny fifty-cent piece
She mingled among her pennies, her
Plastic purse jingling with joy.

From "Confessions" by Lowell Jaeger

WARM-UP A



- Once I told the “club” in second grade that our neighbor’s house was haunted. I made up stories about a bloody hatchet falling out of our backyard tree and thumping down inches from my toes in the sandbox. I got kicked out of “the club” when they brought me home from Heidi’s birthday party and ran to see the rocking chair in Steffensen’s backyard--- the one that rocked by itself. (70 words)
- “ONCE I . . .” A time you told a lie (35-50 words)

CONFESSIONS

From "Confessions" by Lowell Jaeger



I once swiped a tin of Vienna
sausages. I crouched low in the aisle
as if studying percents
of daily requirements, tore off the lid.
I cruised the produce, pocketed
a nectarine, popped seedless grapes
into the hopper, fast as my choppers
could chew. A man in a white, bloody
apron intercepted me at checkout.

WARM-UP B



- And once I walked right out of the front door of Keith's Westside Grocery with a giant book of Barbie paper dolls. I didn't mean to do it, but I was so scared that I ran for the car before anyone could see me. Dad noticed, of course, and made me go in and explain. I went to the door, threw in the book, and ran before anyone saw. (68 words)
- "AND ONCE I . . ." Tell about a time you took something that wasn't yours (35-50 words)

CONFESSIONS



I've thrown sticks at stray dogs.
I've ignored the cat
scratching to get in.
even in rain I've spent
idle hours watching TV, while
not two feet away
philodendrons for lack of
water, gasp and expire.

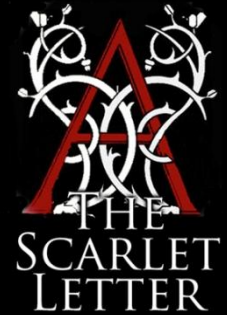
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WARM-UPS C & D



- Another time I cut my own bangs in school to show that I dared do it. They were about ½-inch long and my mom was horrified. I told her Andrea Anderson did it, because I knew Mom didn't know her and none of my friends liked her enough to tell on me. (53 words)
- I also drank three full glasses of warm water to make myself throw up so I wouldn't have to go to school (it was the day after Heidi's birthday party in second grade). It didn't make me vomit, but I was sincerely sick all day. (45 words)

WARM-UPS C & D



- Start with language like “Another time . . .” or “I also . . .”
- Choose TWO topics from the “frailties list” and write 35-50 words on each
- FRAILTIES LIST
 - TAKING MORE THAN YOUR SHARE
 - PRETENDING TO BE SICK
 - BLAMING SOMEONE ELSE FOR SOMETHING YOU DID
 - SAYING SOMETHING MEAN
 - BEING THOUGHTLESS/CRUEL TO ANIMALS
 - BREAKING A PROMISE
 - REPEATING (or making up) GOSSIP

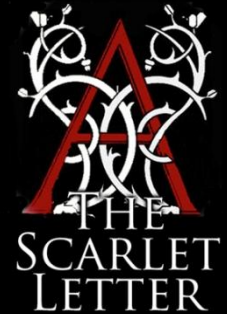
STEP TWO: DRAFTING



- Using Warm-ups A-D as raw material, write a TWO-STANZA confession poem. Include parts from all four warm-ups. Squeeze two parts together and combine them into one stanza. Use “Confessions” as a working title.

"Confessions" by Marci Bishop

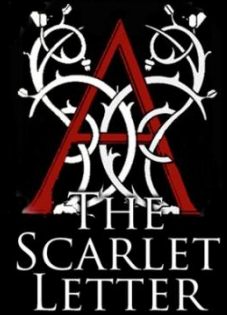
(First- Draft!)



Our neighbor's house was haunted
I told the "club" in second grade
About the empty rocking chair and
Bloody hatchets in the sandbox.
They found me out at Heidi's party
And I felt my heart clang and bang
Like the day I walked out of
Keith's Westside Grocery with a
Big book of Barbie paper dolls
And no receipt and lots of change

Another time I blamed Andrea
Anderson
For ½-inch bangs I cut myself
In class to impress the whole third
Grade— Mom wouldn't ask and my
Friends would never choose Andrea,
but my
Stomach glubbed like the day
After Heidi's birthday when I
Drank three glasses of tepid
Water, hoping to vomit and stay
Safely in bed all day. I didn't
But I sure was sicker than I
Ever thought I could make myself.

STEP THREE: REVISE!



- Like confession, discipline is good for the soul! Your final poem must be cut to the “bones” Only what is *golden* (POETIC!) should remain:
 - Each STANZA must be 5-9 lines long
 - Each LINE must be 5-9 words long

USE YOUR HANDOUT FOR HELPFUL HINTS!

“Second Grade Confessions” by Marci Bishop



“Our neighbor’s house is haunted,”
I told The Club in second grade &
about the empty rocking chair
& bloody hatchets in the sandbox.
They found me out at Heidi’s party.
My heart clinked, banged like the day
I left Keith’s Westside Grocery with
Barbie paper dolls and no receipt.

I blamed Janet for ½-inch bangs
I cut myself— Mom wouldn’t ask,
my friends wouldn’t tell, but my
stomach glubbed like the day after
Heidi’s birthday when I drank three
warm glasses of water hoping to vomit
& stay in bed.
I went to school:
Nauseous. Scared. Kicked Out.